WORD OF THE LORD

Wisdom May Be Learned From the Fowls of the Air.

ALSO THE FISHES OF THE SEA

Dr. Talmage Discourses With Beautiful Eloquence on the Many Lessons Taught by the Birds.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 8 .- Dr. Talmage this orning continued the course of ser-ous begun a few Sabbaths ago. Haved about the "Astronomy of the preached about the "Astronomy or the lithler er, God Among the Stars," and the "Chronology of the Bible; or, God Among the Centuries," this morning he discoursed on the "Ornithology of the Bible; or, God Among the Birds," The text was Matthew, vi, 26, "Behold the fowls of the air!"

There is silence now in all our January furests, except as the winds whistle through the bare branches. Our northern woods are deserted concert halls. The organ lofts in the temple of nature are hymnless. Trees which were full of carol and chirp and chant are now waiting for the coming back of rich plumes and warbling voices, soles, duets, quar-tets, cantains and Te Deums. But the Bible is full of birds at all seasons, and prophets and patriarchs and aposties and Christ himself employ them for moral and religious purposes. My text is an extract from the sermon on the mount, and perhaps it was at a moment when a flock of birds flew past that Christ waved his hand toward them and said, "Behold the fowls of the air?" And so in this course of sermons on God everywhere I preach to you this third sermon concerning the Ornithology of the Bible; or, God Among the Birds.

GOD'S MESSENGERS IN NATURE.

Most of the other sciences you may study or not study as you please. Use your own judgment, exercise your own tasts. But about this science of ornithology we have no option. The divine command is positive when it says in my text, "Behold the fowls of the air!" That is, study their habits. Examine their colors. Notice their speed. See the hand of God in their construction. It is easy for me to obey the command of the text, for I was brought up among the race of wings and from boyhood heard their matina at sunrise and their vespers at

Their nests have been to me a fascination, and my satisfaction is that I never robbed one of them any more than I would steal a child from a cradle, for a bird is a child of the sky, and its nest is the cradle. They are almost human, for they have their loves and hates, affinities and antipathies, understand joy and grief, have conjugal and maternal intinct, wage wars and entertain jealousies, have a language of their own and powers of association. Thank God for birds and skies full of them! It is useless to expect to understand the Bible unless we study natural history.

Five hundred and ninety-three times does the Bible allude to the facts of natural history, and I do not wonder that it makes so many allusions ornithological. The skies and the caverns of Palestine are friendly to the winged creatures, and many fiv and roost and nest and hatch in that region that inspired writers do not have far to go to get ornithological illustration of divine truth. There are over forty species of birds recognized in the Scriptures.
Oh, what a variety of wings in Pales-

tine! The dore, the robin, the eagle, the cormorant or plunging bird, hurling itself from sky to wave and with long beak clutching its prey; the thrush, which especially dislikes a crowd; the partridge; the hawk, bold and ruthless, bovering head to windward while watching for prey; the swan, at home among the marshes and with feet so constructed it can walk on the leaves of water plants; the raven, the lapwing, malodorous and in the Bible denounced as inedible, though it has extraordinary headdress; the stork; the essifrage, that always had a habit of dropping on a stone the turtle it had lifted and so killing it for food, and on one occasion mistook the bald head of Æschylus, the Greek poet, for a white stone, and dropped a turtle upon it, killing the famous Greek; the cuckoo, with crested head and crimson throat and wings snow tipped, but too lazy to build its own nest, and so having the habit of depositing its eggs of the Lord." in nests belonging to other birds; the bluejay, the grouse, the plover, the mag-pie, the kinglisher, the pelican, which is the caricature of all the feathered creation: the owl, the goldfinch, the bittern, the barrier, the bulbul, the osprey; the valture, that king of scavengers, with neck covered with repulsive down instead of attractive feathers; the quarrelsome starling: the swallow, flying a mile a minute and sometimes ten hours in succession; the heron, the quail, the peacock, the estrich, the lark, the drow, the kite, the but, the blackbird and many others, with all colors, all sounds, all styles of flight, all habits, all architecture of nests, leaving nothing wanting in suggestiveness. They were at the creation placed all around on the rocks and in the trees and on the ground to seronade Adam's arrival. They took their places on Friday, as the first man was made on Saturday, Whatever else he had or did not have, he should have music. The first sound that struck the human ear was a bird's

TRUE SCHOOLS IS RELEGIOUS. Yea. Christian geology-for you know there is a Christian goology as well as an infidel geology-Christian geology



Pierre's Favorite Prescription is the eamplicable, the proposition to give ordation bed, or the money is refunded. No other methods for women is said to Think of teat, when him denies atto expetiting size (which pape him letter) is " fast as good."

"Time have changed." So have methods he racelers improvements in alle are from the property of the second of Joshing with her. High and become health its likenames continues, and the desired description and the liver, element and treate are prevented, reserved, and cured.

an race came into this world the human race came into this world the world was occupied by reptiles and by all sorts of destructive monsters—milliens of creatures, loathsome and hideous. God sent huge birds to clear the earth of these creatures before Adam and Eve were created. The remains of these birds have been found imbedded in the rocks. The skeleton of one eagle has been found twenty feet in beight and force feet from tin of wing to tin of wing. fifty feet from tip of wing to tip of wing. Many armies of beaks and claws were Many armies of bears and claws were necessary to clear the earth of creatures that would have destroyed the human race with one clin. I like to find this narmonly of revelation and science, and to have demonstrated that the God who made the world made the Bible.

Moses, the greatest lawyer of all time and a great man for facts, had enough sentiment and poetry and musical tasts to welcome the illumined wings and the voices divinely drilled into the first chap-ter of Genesis. How should Noah, the old ship carpenter, 600 years of age, find out when the world was fit again for human residence after the universal freshet? A bird will tell, and nothing else can. No man can come down from the mountain to invite Noah and his family out to terra firms, for the moun-tains were submerged. As a bird first heralded the human race into the world, now a bird will help the human race back to the world that had shipped a see

that whelmed everything.

Noah stands on Sunday morning at
the window of the ark, in his hand a cooing dove, so gentle, so innocent, so affectionate, and he said, "Now, my litthe dove, fly away over these waters, explore and come back and tell us whether t is safe to land." After a long flight it returned bungry and weary and wet, and by its looks and manners said to Noah and his family, "The world is not fit for you to disembark." Noah waited week, and next Sunday morning he let the dove fly again for a second exploration, and Sunday evening it came back with a leaf that had the sign of just having been plucked from a living fruit tree, and the bird reported the world would do tolerably well for a bird to live in, but not yet sufficiently recovered for

human residence. Noah waited another week, and next Sunday morning he sent out the dove on the third exploration, but it returned not, for it found the world so attractive now it did not want to be caged again, and then the emigrants from the ante-diluvian world landed. It was a bird that told them when to take possession of the resuscitated planet. So the human race were saved by a bird's wing, for, at-tempting to land too soon, they would

Aye, here comes a whole flock of doves -rock doves, ring doves, stock doves-and they make Isaiah think of great revivals and great awakenings when souls fly for shelter like a flock of pigeons swooping to the openings of a pigeon coop, and he cries out, "Who are these that fly as doves to their windows." David, with Saul after him, and flying from cavern to cavern, compares himself to a desert partridge, a bird which especially haunts rocky places, and boys and hunters to this day take after it with sticks, for the partridge runs rather than

David, chased and clubbed and harried tridge on the mour his forlorn condition, he says, "I am like a pelican in the wilderness." Describing his loneliness, he says, "I am a swallow alone on the housetop." Hezekiah, in the emaciation of his sickness, compares himself to a crane, thin and wasted. Job had so much trouble he could not sleep nights, and he describes his insomnia by saying, "I am a companion to owls." Isainh compares the desolations of ban-ished Israel to an owl and bittern and

cormorant among a city's ruins. Jeremiah, describing the cruelty of parents toward children, compares them to the ostrich, who leaves its eggs in the and uncared for, crying, "The daughter of my people is become like the estriches of the wilderness." Among the provisions piled on Solomon's bountiful table the Bible speaks of "fatted fowl," The Israelites in the desert got tired of manna and they had quails—quails for break-fast, quails for dinner, quails for supper, and they died of quails. The Bible fers to the migratory habits of the birds and says, "The stork knoweth her appointed time and the turtle and the crane and the swallow the time of their going. but my people know not the judgments

Would the prophet illustrate the fate of fraud, he points to a failure at incubation and says, "As a partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them not, so he that getteth riches and not by right shall leave them in the midst of his days and at his end shall be a fool." The partridge, the most careless of all birds in choice of its place of nest, building it on the ground and often near a frequented road or in a slight depression of ground, without reference to safety, and soon a hoof or a scythe or a cart wheel ends all. So says the prophet, a man who gathers under him dishonest dollars will hatch out of them no peace, no satisfaction, no

happiness, no security.
What vivid similitude! The quickest way to amass a fortune is by iniquity, but the trouble is about keeping it. Every hour of every day some such partridge is driven off the nest. Panics are only a flutter of partridges. It is too tedious work to become rich in the old fashioned way, and if a man can by one falsehood make as much as he ten years of hard labor, why not tell it? And if one counterfeit check will bring the dollars as easily as a genuine issue, why not make it? One year's fraud will be equal to a half a lifetime's sweat. Why not live solely by one's wite? A fortune thus built will be firm and everlasting. Will 312 Hat build your house on a velcano's erater; go to sleep on the bosom of an avalanche. The volcano will blaze, and

the avalanche will thunder. There are estates which have been coming together from age to age. Many years ago that cetate started in a husband's industry and a wife's economy It grow from generation to generation by good habits and high minded enterprise. Old fashioned industry was the mine from which that gold was dug, and God will keep the deeds of such an estate in his buckler. Forelose your mortgage, spring your snup judgments, plot with acutest intrigue against a family property like that and you cannot do it a permanent damage. Better than warrantee deed and better than fire insurance is the defense which God's own hand will

give it. first here to a man today as pres as Job after he was robbed by satan of everything but his bolls, yet suddenly

corrow he is a rich man. There is ne accounting for his sudden affluence. He come wealthy. No one pretends to account for his princely wardrobe, or the chased silver, or the full curbed steads that rear and neigh like Bucephalus in the grasp of his coachman. Did be come to a sudden inheritance? No. Did be make a fortune on purchase and sale! No. Everybody asks where did that partridge hatch. The devil suddenly threw him up, and the devil will suddenly let him come down. That hidden scheme God saw from the first conception of the God saw from the first conception of the plot. That partridge, swift disaster will shoot it down, and the higher it ties the harder it falls. The prophet asw, as you and I have often seen, the awful nistake

But from the top of a Bible fir tree I hear the shrill cry of the stork Job, Ezekiel, Jefemiah, speak of it, David cries out, "As for the stork, the ir tree is her house." This large white Bible bird is supposed without alighting sometimes to wing its way from the region of the Rhine to Africa. As winter comes all the storks fly to warmer chimesand the last one of their number that arrives at the spot to which they migrate is killed by them. What havoe it would make in our species if those men were killed who are always behind! In orien-tal cities the stork is domesticated and walks about on the street and will follow

its keeper.
In the city of Ephesus I saw a long row of pillars, on the top of each pillar a stork's nest. But the word "stork" ordinarily means mercy and affection, from the fact that this bird was distinuished for its great love for its parents. It never forsakes them, and even after they become feeble protects and provides for them. In migrating the old storks lean their necks on the young storks, and when the old ones give out the oung ones carry them on their backs. God forbid that a dumb stork should have more heart than we. Blessed is that table at which an old father and mother sit; blessed that altar at which an old father and mother kneelt

What it is to have a mother they know best who have lost her. God only knows the agony she suffered for us, the times she wept over our cradle and the anxious sighs her bosom heaved as we lay upon it, the sick nights when she watche ong after every one was tired out but God and herself. Her lifeblood beats in our heart, and her image lives in our face. That man is graceless as a cannibal who ill treats his parents, and he who begrudges them daily bread and clothes them but shabbily, may God have patience with him; I cannot. I heard a man once say, "I now have my old mother on my hands." Ye storks on your way with food to your aged parents, shame him!

THE PERSECUTED CHURCH. But yonder in this Bible sky flies a bird that is speckled. The prophet describing the church cries out, "Mine heritage is unto me as a speckled bird; the birds round about are against her." So it was then; so it is now. Holiness picked at. Consecration picked at. Be-nevolence picked at. Usefulness picked at. A speckled bird is a peculiar bird; and that arouses the antipathy of all the beaks of the forest.

The church of God is a peculiar institution, and that is enough to evoke atof pursuers, says, "I am hunted as a parbird to be picked at. The inconsistencies of Christians are a banquet on which multitudes get fat. They ascribe everything you do to wrong motives. Put a dollar in the poor box and they will say that you dropped it there only that you might hear it ring. Invite them to Christ, and they will call you a fanatic. Let there be contention among Christians, and they will say: "Hurrah! The church is in decadence.

Christ intended that his church should always remain a speckled bird. Let birds of another feather pick at her, but they cannot rob her of a single plume. Like the albatross, she can sleep on the bosom of a tempest. She has gone through the fires of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace and not got burned; through the waters of the Red sea and not been drowned; through the shipwreck on the breakers of Melita and not been foundered. Let all earth and hell try to hunt down this speckled bird, but far above human scorn and infernal assault it shall sing over every mountain top and fly over every nation, and her triumphant song shall be: "The church of God! The pillar and ground of the truth. The gates of hell shall not prevail against

But we cannot stop here. From a eagle calling unto the tempest and lifting its wing to smite the whirlwind. Moses, Jeremiah, Hosea and Habakkuk at times in their writings take their pen from the eagle's wing. It is a bird with fierceness in its eye, its feet armed with claws of iron and its head with a dreadful beak. Two or three of them can fill unaccompanied, for the reason that its habits are so predaceous it requires five or ten miles of aerial or earthly dominion all for itself.

The black brown of its back, and the white of its lower feathers, and the fire of its eye, and the long flap of its wing make one glimpee of it as it swings down into the valley to pick up a rabbit, or a lamb, or a child and then swings back to its throne on the rock something never to be forgotten. Scattered about its cyrie of altitudinous solitude are the bones of its conquests. But while the beak and the claws of the eagle are the terror of all the travelers of the air, the mother eagle is most kind and gentle to her young. God compares his treatment of his people to the eagle's care of the eaglets. Deuteronomy xxxii, 11, "As an engle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreading abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings, so the Lord alone

WISDOM OF THE EAGLE. The old eagle first shoves the young one out of the most in order to make it fly, and then takes it on her back and fles with it and shakes it off in the air. and if it seems like falling quickly flies under it and takes it on her wing again. So God does with us. Disaster, failure in business, disappointment, bereavement, is only God's way of shaking us out of our comfortable met in order that we may learn how to fly. You who are complaining that you have no faith or courage of Christian real have had it too easy. You never will learn to fly in that comfortable nest.

Like an eagle, Christ has carried us on his back. At times we have been I had wings like a dove, that I might fly shaken off, and when we were about to

us out of the gloomy valley to the sun-ny mountain. Never an eagle brooded

When our time on earth is closed on these great wings of God we shall speed with infinite quickness from earth's mountains to heaven's hills, and as from eagle's circuit under the sun men on the ground seem small and insignificant lizards on a rock, so all earthly things shall dwindle into a speck, and the rag ing river of death so far beneath will seem smooth and glassy as a Swiss lake. It was thought in ancient times that an

eagle could not only molt its feathers in old age, but that after arriving to great age it would renew its strength and become entirely young again. To this Isaiah alludes when he says: "They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength. They shall mount up with wings of eagles." Even so the Christian in old age will renew his spiritual strength. He shall be young in ardor and enthusiasm for Christ, and as the body fails the soul will grow in elasticity

till at death it will spring up like a glad-dened child into the born of God.

Yea, in this ornithe dical study I see that Job says, "His days fly as an eagle that hasteth to its prey." The speed of a hungry eagle when it saw its prey a score of miles distant was unimaginable. It went like a threaderhold for angel and It went like a thunderbolt for speed and power. So fly our days. Sixty minutes. each worth a heaven, since we assembled in this place have shot like lightning into eternity. The old earth is rent and cracked under the swift rush of days and months and years and ages. "Swift as an eagle that hasteth to its prey." Behold the fowls of the air! Have you consdered that they have, as you and I have not, the power to change their eyes so that one minute they may be telescopic and the next microscopic, now seeing something a mile away and by telescopic eyesight, and then dropping to its food on the ground, able to see close by and with microscopic eyesight?

THE SWALLOWS AT THE TEMPLE. But what a senseless passage of Scrip-ture that is, until you know the fact, which says, "The sparrow hath found a house and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hoets, my king and my God!" What has the swallow to do with the alters of the temple at Jerusalem? Ah, you know that swallows are all the world over very tame, and in summer time they used to fly into the windows and doors of the temple at Jerusalem and build a nest on the altar where the

priests were offering sacrifices. These swallows brought leaves and sticks and fashioned nests on the altars of the temple and hatched the young sparrows in those nests, and David had the young birds picking their way out of the shell while the old swallows watched, and no one in the temple was cruel enough to disturb either the old swallows or the young swallows, and David burst out in rhapsody, saying, "The swallow hath found a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my

nest." "As a bird that wandereth from her nest," "Though thou set thy nest among the stars," "The birds of the air have their nest," and so on. Nests in the trees, nests on the rocks, nests on the

Why does God call us so frequently to consider the bird's nest? Because it is of architecture, and a lesson of provibirds how to build their nest!

weavers, what spinners the birds are! so exquisite a home, curved, pillared, wreathed. Out of mosses, out of sticks, out of lichens, out of horsehair, out of spiders' web, out of threads swept its .- St. Louis Globe-Democrat. from the door by the housewife, out of the wool of the sheep from the pasture field. Upholstered by leaves actually sewed together by its own sharp citizen the editor of a local paper inthe heavens with clangor. But gener-bill. Cushioned with feathers from its ally this monster of the air is alone and pwn breast. Mortared together with the gum of trees and the saliva of its own tiny bill. Such symmetry, such adaptation, such convenience, such geometry | her reputation.-Jakob Kalender. of structure!

WHEN WE SHALL PLY. Surely these nests were built by some plan. They did not happen just so. Who drafted the plan for the bird's nest? God! And do you not think that if he plans such a house for a chaffinch, for an oriole, for a bobolink, for a sparrow, he will see to it that you always have a home? "Ye are of more value than many sparrows." Whatever else surrounds you, you can have what the Bible calls the feathers of the Almighty." Just think of a nest like that, the warmth of it, the softness of it, the safety of it-

"the feathers of the Almighty." No flaminge outflashing the tropical siniset ever had such brilliancy of pin-ion; no robin redbreast ever had plumage dashed with such crimson and purple and crange and gold—'the feathers of the Almighty." Do you not feel the touch of them now on forehead and cheek and spirit, and was there ever such tenderness of brooding-"the feathers of the Almighty?" So also in this ornithology of the Bible God keeps impressing us with the anatomy of a bird's

Over fifty times does the old Book allude to the wing-"Wings of a dove," Wings of the morning." 'Wings of the wind," "Sun of righteousness with healing in his wings," "Wings of the Almighty," "All fowl of every wing." What does it all mean? It suggests uplifting. It tells you of flight upward. It means to remind you that you yourself have wings. David cried out, "Oh, that

fall he come under us again and brought away and he at rest? Thank God that away and be at rest? Thank God that you have better wings than any dove of longest or swiftest flight. Caged now in bars of flesh are those wings, but the day comes when they will be liberated. Get ready for ascension. Take the words of the old hymn, and to the tune unto which that hymn is married sing:

Rise, my soul and stretch thy wing. Thy better portion trace. Up out of these lowlands into the heav-

ens of higher experience and wider pros-pect. But how shall we rise? Only as God's holy spirit gives us strength. But that is coming how. Not as a condor from a Chimborazo peak, swooping upon the affrighted valley, but as a dove like that which put its soft brown wings over the wet locks of Christ at the baptism in the Jordan. Dove of gentleness! Dove of peacet

Come, holy spirit, heavenly dove.
With all thy quickening powers;
Come shed alroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Working from Habit. On a most prominent corner of Chest-nut street, Philadelphia, stands an old white haired man selling papers. He always stands there, rain or shine, come snow, come blow, mud or dust, and has stood there from 6 in the morning till 9 at night for the last six years. His hair is white as snow, and his beard is thick and grizzled. His fall blue eyes are shaded by gold rimmed glasses. His clothes are neat and tidy. His language is that of a cultured gentleman.

And that is just what he is. Thirty years ago be was one of New York's big builders. He speaks with pride of the many evidences of his handiwork still standing and which do not advertise their insignificance even by the side of the noble structures of this modern day. Now he sells newspapers on a street cor-ner in Philadelphia. He is fond of talking of his young son, an artist of some ability, I am told, and his highest desire is to send him to Rome and to Paris. The young man has been studying under a pupil of Gerome. His great wish is to take lessons directly from the hand of the master. It is a charming thing to hear his father, the newsman, huddled in a corner out of the drifting snow, talk of "my son, the artist." He just glories in the subject, of which he never seems to tire.

I asked the old man once why he sold papers. He said it was because he was blind to do any other work, and work of some kind he must do or he would die. What a story of life such a man could tell!—New York Herald.

A Gathering of Players,

At a gathering of players one of the party told a little tale that amused them "It was in London that I heard it." said he. "Three actors were dining together, and one of them left the table a little early. 'Poor old Hicks,' says one, 'thinks he can play Hamlet! Why, he isn't up to melodrama.' 'That's so,' says the other. I saw him do a serious part once, and it was the funnicet thing of the season. Well, I must get to the theater. Good night, old man.' The one who was left at the table gave him good night, and as he watched him receding down the room he folded his arms across his breast and soliloquized: 'Poor old Fitz! Thinks he can play Iago. The audacity of that man is sublime.'

"After he had smoked up his cigar he king and my God!"

Yes, in this ornithology of the Bible I find that God is determined to impress hair, rested on his right foot, put his upon us the architecture of a bird's nest and the anatomy of a bird's wing.
Twenty times does the Bible refer to a bird's nest—"Where the birds mak their they—they, forsoothi—have learned the they—they, forsoothi—have learned the they—they, forsoothi—have learned they have learned they h art of acting. Now, when I was in the legitimate'- But just then he caught the landlord's eye and began to clear away the dishes."—New York Sun.

To clean pearls properly requires some care and considerable patience, but to offered the most wondrous of all styles clean diamonds properly does not require as much. Many who endeavor to dential care which is the most important | clean the diamonds without taking them lesson which Christ in my text conveys.

to a lapidary find when they are through Why, just look at the bird's nest, and see that their effort has not been a success to a lapidary find when they are through what is the prospect that God is going to take care of you. Here is the blue-bird's nest under the eaves of the house. Here is the brown thresher's nest in a bush. Here is the bluejay's nest in the the following manner: Take a cup of orchard. Here is the grosbeak's nest on warm water with a few drops of ama tree branch hanging over the water, so monia in it; use a little soap with a soft as to be free from attack. Chickadee's brush (an old toothbrush will do) and nest in the stump of an old tree. Oh, clean thoroughly; after cleaning rinse in the goodness of God in showing the clean hot water and dry them. If convenient it will be more satisfactory to What carpenters, what masons, what drop them into a little jeweler's sawdust after rinsing and permit them to dry in tall cliff banging over the sea I hear the Out of what small resources they make | that way, whereupon they will be found to possess all their original brilliancy. This method also cleans the gold setting. which of course does not lessen its mer

serted the words, "Johann Kramer now own breast. Mortared together with the rests in peace," Kramer's widow has now brought an action against that same editor for maligning her and damaging

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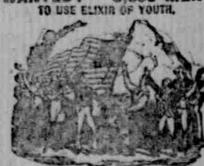
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